

A  
Funeral-Pindarique D D E,

Sacred to the Happy Memory of  
Our Late Gracious Sovereign,  
Queen ANNE, &c.

With a Congratulatory P O E M, on  
Our Present Most Illustrious  
King GEORGE,

A N D

His Happy Accession to the Imperial Crown  
Of *Great Britain*, &c.

Dedicated to his Grace,  
CHARLES, Duke of *Shrewsbury*,  
Lord Lieutenant, and Governour of *Ireland*,  
Lord High Treasurer of *Great Britain*,  
One of the Lords Regents,  
Lord Chamberlain of His Majesties Household,

A N D

Knight of the most Noble Order of the *Garter*, &c.

By His GRACE's  
Most Humble, Dutiful, and Obedient

Servant to Command,

JOSEPH HARRIS.



A  
Universal Panegyric

Sacred to the Happy Memory of  
Our Late Gracious Sovereign,

QUEEN ANNE, &c.

With a Congratulatory POEM, on  
Our Present Most Illustrious

KING GEORGE,

AND  
His Happy Accession to the Imperial Crown  
OF Great Britain, &c.

Dedicated to his Grace,  
CHARLES, Duke of Devonshire,

Lord Lieutenant,  
Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain,

One of the Lords Regents,  
Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household,

AND  
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

By His GRACE,

Most Humble, Dutiful, and Obedient

Servant to Command,

JOSEPH HARRIS.



*Threnodia Augustalis.*

And no Dire Warning to the World be giv'n ;  
**S**AD was the Hour, the sadder Morn began,  
 And heavily the God of Day came on :  
 From Ominous Dreams my Wond'ring  
 [Soul lookt out,  
 And saw a Dire Confusion round about !  
 My Bed like some sad Monument appear'd,  
 Round which the mournful Statues wring their  
 [Hands and weep ;  
 Distracted Objects all ! with mighty Grief prepar'd,  
 To rouse me from my Painful Sleep !  
 Not the sad Bards that wail'd poor Salem's Woes,  
 (With wild Neglect thro' out the Peopl'd Street,  
 With a Prophetick Rage, affrighting all they meet)  
 Had mightier Pangs of Sorrow, mightier Throes !  
 Ah,



Ah, Wretch Undone! They cry, Now all Forlorn!  
The QUEEN! the QUEEN is Dead! Arise, and Mourn!

## II.

Again I bid 'em tell their Sorrow's Theam;  
Again they cry, The QUEEN! The QUEEN is Dead!  
Extended, Cold, and Pale, upon the Royal Bed.  
Again I heard, yet thought it but a Dream!

Impossible! I Raving cry,  
That *Royal ANNE*, so Good a QUEEN, shou'd Dye,  
And no Dire Warning to the World be giv'n;  
No Hurricans on Earth, no Blazing Fires in Heav'n!  
The Sun and Tide their constant Courses keep;  
That cheers the World with its Life-giving Reign,  
This hastes with equal Motion to the Deep,  
And in it's usual Turns revives the Banks again:

And in it's Soft and Easy way;  
Brings up no Storms, or Monsters from the Sea.  
No Show'rs of Blood, no Temples Vale is rent,  
But all is Calm, and All is Innocent;  
When Nature in Convulsions shou'd be hurl'd,  
And Fate shou'd shake the Fabrick of the World!  
Impossible, again, I therefore cry,  
So Great, so Good a QUEEN, so Silently shou'd Dye!



## III.

True I divin'd! when lo, a Voice arriv'd,  
 Welcome as that which did the Crowd surprize,  
 When the Dead *Laz'rus* from the Tomb reviv'd,  
 And saw a Pitying *God* attend his Rise!  
 Our Sov'reign Lives, it cry'd! Haste, and Adore!

Heav'n adds one Wonder more,  
 To the Mirac'lous History of Her num'rous Store!  
 Sudden as Thought, or Winged Light'ning Flyes,  
 This chas'd the Gloomy Terrors from our Eyes,  
 And All from Sorrow, fall to Sacrifice!  
 Whole Hecatombs of Vows the Altars Crown,  
 To clear our Sins that brought this Judgment down.

So, the Great *Saviour* of the World did fall,  
 A Bleeding Victim to Atone for All!  
 Nor were the Blest *Apostles* more reviv'd,  
 When in the *Resurrection* they beheld  
 Their Faith Establish'd, and their Lord Surviv'd,  
 And all the Holy Prophecies fulfil'd.

Their mighty Love, by mighty Joy they show'd;  
 And if from feeble Faith before,  
 They did the *Deity* in *Man* Adore,  
 What must They pay, when *He* confirm'd the *God*?  
 Who having finish'd all his Wonders here,  
 And full Instructions giv'n;



To make his Bright *Divinity* more clear,  
Transfigur'd all to Glory, Mounts to Heav'n!

## IV.

So fell our Gracious *Queen*! So Lov'd! So Mourn'd!  
So, like a Power Divine, again Return'd!

Our Pray'rs, Alas, and Vows, were made too late!  
The Sacred Dictates were already past,  
And open laid the Mighty Book of *FATE*,  
Wherein Great *ANNE*, now reads her Life's short Date,  
And for *Eternity* prepares in haste!

She saw in the Everlasting Chains  
Of long past Time, and num'rous Things,  
The Fates, Vicissitudes, and Pains,  
Of Mighty Monarchies, of *Queens* and *Kings*;  
And blest Her *GOD*, that in an Age so vain,  
Where Zealous Mischiefs, Frauds, and Treasons reign;  
Like *Moses*, she had led the Murm'ring Crowd,  
Beneath the Rule of Her most Sacred Wand;  
Pull'd down the *Golden Calf* to which they wou'd have  
Bow'd,

And left 'em Safe, ent'ring the Promis'd Land:  
And to Good \* *Joshua* now resigns Her Sway,  
*Joshua*, by Heav'n, Law, and Nature, ordain'd to lead  
the Way!



But oh ! The wond'rous Changes of this Fatal Scene,  
Still varying to the very last;

Heav'n, tho' it's hard Decree was past,  
Seem'd pointing to a Gracious Turn again,  
And Death's up-lifted Arm arrested in it's haste !

Heav'n half repented of the Doom,  
And almost griev'd it had foreseen,  
What by it's Wisdom 'twas Resolv'd shou'd come.

Mercy above did hourly plead,  
For Her Resemblance here below ;  
And Mild Forgiveness intercede,  
To stop the coming Blow :

New Miracles approach'd th' Etherial Throne,  
Such as Her wond'rous Life had often known,  
And urg'd that still they might be shown !

Her Subjects Pray'rs for Her Reprieve were heard,  
Her Death, like *Hezekiah's*, was deferr'd :

Against the Sun the Shadow went  
Three Days ; those three Degrees were lent  
To form our Patience, and prepare th' Event :

Quick, thro' the *Azur'd* space, and Chrystal Track,  
Of shining Heav'n, Her Fleeting Soul came back,  
T'inspire the Mortal Frame,

And in the Body took a Doubtful stand ;



Doubtful, and hov'ring, like expiring Flame,  
That mounts, and falls by turns, and trembles o'er  
[the Brand.

## VI.

Oh! Stop my Muse! Grief strikes me Dumb:

Too mighty now's my Woe!

Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;

And my sad Soul retires into Her inmost Room!

Behold the third revolving Morn,

The Last of Dated Life;

Which now concludes, and shews the Bus'ness done,

Sedate, and calm, and void of Strife!

Close by her side, Her Faithful Female Band,

In dumb Solemnity of Sorrow stand!

Sad was the Scene! Soft Looks the Voice supplies,

Anguish their Hearts, and Languishments their Eyes!

Not God-like *Jonathan* with greater Pain,

Sigh'd his last Farewel to the Royal Swain;

Than did *Augusta* to Her mournful Train!

Whilst awful Silence fill'd the gloomy Place,

And Death and Horror, hung on ev'ry Face;

And now the Fatal Hour was come,

When all the Blessed Pow'rs above,

In haste to make Her *ALL* their own,

Around the Royal Bed in shining Order move!



The same Assurance her last Words did grace ;  
 The same Majestick Mildness held its Place,  
 Nor lost the Monarch in her Dying Face !

What Death cou'd do, it now at last has try'd,  
 When in three Days she more than trebly Dy'd !  
 Intrepid still, and *Mercyful* and *Brave* ;

She Lookt, as when She *Conqu'r'd* and *Forgave* !

*Kind*, *Good*, and *Gracious* ev'n to the Last,

On all She *Lov'd* her Dying Beams She cast !

Oh, truly Pious, and as truly Great !

For Glorious as She rose, Benignly so She set !

Once more She looks, and sees the Breaking Day,

Shining with Fierceness like a Heav'nly Ray ;

Too Bright for Mortals to behold !

Brighter than Pure Transparent Gold,

Which the Approach of Bliss foretold !

Take then, said She, this Cloud of Earth away,

It robs me of Bright Heav'n—I can no longer stay, --

-----So Dyes !

Her Soul is Heav'n's Her Body mouldring Clay !

Th' *Officious* Angels catch Her dying Sighs,

And bear 'em up in Triumph to the Skies !

Each forms a Soul of the Divinest dress,

For *Kings* and *Loyal Subjects* to possess !



The Last which from the Sacred Fabrick flew,  
Made *ANNE* a Saint, and *GEORGE* a Monarch too !

---

To his Present Sacred Majesty,  
King *GEORGE*, &c.



Warlike Prince Ascends the Regal State,  
A Prince long Exercis'd in Toiles of Fate ;  
A Prince Allied by *James* the 1<sup>st</sup> and great *Plantagenet* !  
Long may He Enjoy, what He obtains so late !  
*Heroes* in Heav'ns peculiar Mold are Cast,  
*Kings* and *Heroes* were never Form'd in Haste ;  
Man was the first in God's Design, but made the last. }  
False, Glossy *Heroes*, made by Flatt'ry so,  
Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at a blow ;  
But e'er a Prince is to Perfection brought,  
He Costs *Omnipotence* a second Thought :  
With, Toyl, and with Laborious Sweat,  
With Hardning Cold, and Forming Heat, }  
The *Cyclops* did their Strokes repeat, }  
Before th' Impenetrable Shield was Wrought ;  
It looks, as if the Maker wou'd not own  
The Noble, Glorious Work for his,  
Before 'tis try'd, and found a Master-piece.



Unfold then, Fate, thy Adamantine Book,  
 And let *Great Britain's* wond'ring Senate see  
 (If not thy Firm Immutable Decree);

At least the Second Page of Great Contingency,  
 Such as consists with Wills Originally free:

Let Them with glad Amazement look

On what *To Come*, and *Present*, both may be:  
 But let them not be Obstinately Blind,  
 Still to divert the Good thou hast design'd;

Or with Malignant Accursed Penury,  
 Starve the rich Virtues of *Great GEORGE's* Mind!

Faith is a Christian's, and a Subject's Test;  
 Oh, give us to believe, and we are surely Blest.

We do! And with a distant View I see  
 Th' Amended Vows of *English* Loyalty  
 And all beyond that Object, there appears

The long Retinue of a Prosperous Reign;

A Series of Successful Years,

In orderly Array, a Martial Manly Train!  
 Behold, ev'n to neighb'ring and remotest Shoars

A Conqu'ring Navy, ready it self to spread;  
 Hark, how the *British* Canon formidably roars!

Whilst



Whilst starting from his *Orny* Bed,  
 Th' Afferted Ocean rears it's Reverend Head,  
 To View and Recognize its *Lawful Lord!*  
 And with a Loyal willing Hand restores  
 The Empire of *Great Britain's Watry World!*

## III.

Ascend, then *Royal GEORGE*, thy Great *Fore-Fathers*  
 [Throne,

And make Us Happy by thy Sway ;

What joyful Ages shall we see

Entail'd upon Posterity ;

What Actions by thy *Glorious Conduct* shown ?

Oh, all ye Hosts of Angels now appear,

And Guard his Royal Person safely here !

Where e're he moves, by Land, or on the Sea,

Attend and hover round his Majesty !

Conduct him then, Oh Heaven ! to *Albion's* shoar,

That we may *YOU* and *Him* with Love Adore !

Prophetick Hopes do smile on ev'ry Brow,

Where e're our God-like King shall lead, wee'l go !

New Lawrels shall His Mighty Conquest bring ;

It's writ in Heaven's Mysterious Book---

'Tis Fate, for every Deity has spoke,

That Triumph shall Attend Great *GEORGE* our King.



